

Wm Lloyd Garrison, Salem, Wednesday  
Dec. 29/69  
Dear William!

184 Mine of the 28<sup>th</sup> is just received,  
I am sad & lonely, I cannot help it.  
I feel that I have "lived, moved & had  
my being" in the Liberator for 35 years  
during <sup>nearly</sup> all my public, active life.  
My soul has held communion with  
the readers of the Liberator so long,  
& so freely & fully, that its discontinuance  
seems like the cessation of life. I am  
cut off from interchange of thoughts  
& feelings with a multitude of the  
truest, most self-forgetting, & noblest  
men ~~and~~ women of the 19<sup>th</sup> Cen-  
tury. I have received more than one  
thousand private letters, from readers  
of the Liberator thanking me for the  
sentiments I have uttered in its col-  
umns, & for the spirit with which  
they were uttered. Your Dearest Friend!  
cannot know, as I do, the countless number  
of pure, great & noble hearts ~~that~~ pray  
their ~~highest~~ highest homage, which is paid



man, to you, for the blessing you have  
been to them through the Liberator, Oh!  
William! My heart will ever bless you  
for growth, the enlargement of intellect &  
~~affection~~ & sympathy - for the Eternal Life.  
you have brought to me through that dear  
friend & teacher the Liberator. I do indeed  
know how you must feel in bidding  
your readers a final Adieu. No one  
person has been so prominent in that  
paper as myself. its Editor excepted!  
It is very hard to part with them. I would  
that your first Editorials. Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> 1831,  
could be side by side of your last Dec. 29/68.  
Dear William! Let ~~us~~ us live in each in  
the heart of the other, though we live no  
longer in the ever expected & ever-re-  
covered Liberator. You are to me far more  
than you are to the world. I have known  
you ~~in the~~ as a husband, a father, brother.  
I have known you in your Home - or  
no other than his. Your Home has for  
30 years been my Home, your children -  
my children. Your Domestic joys & sorrows  
have been all my own. Your dear, noble  
children! The Portraits of your ~~private~~ life  
in the kitchen, the parlor, the nursery & in  
all the most holy & ennobling relations  
of human existence! Dear William! I can  
never think of all your children & your  
loving, united, noble children have been  
to me - without tears of grateful affection.  
Though the Liberator be no longer a household  
friend to us - there is a bond that binds me  
to you & your family that can never be  
broken. W. L. Garrison Henry C. Wright